The Fortunate Change:

BEING A

PANEGYRICK

TO HIS SACRED

MAIESTY,

King Charls the Second.

Immediately on his Coronation, *being the* 23. *of* April 1661.

By CAREW REYNELL, Esq;

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TO HIS SACRED

MAIESTY,

Immediately on his *Coronation.*

HOw tranquill are we grown, who heretofore
Were haras'd by the (*a*) *Caledonian Boar*!
Was ever ſuch a Change! from Stygian grief
To mount to Heavenly joy! 't were paſt belief,
But that our eyes ſo plainly ſee't, and we
Are drunk already with our liberty.
O Noble *Britains*! now the King's our own,
Eſtabliſh'd, *Crown'd*, and in the *Regal* Throne:
Whoſe dazling luſtre there makes all confeſſe,
That in his *Scepter* lies our happineſſe.
When firſt he was invited to come in,
Joy ſtruck the *Dutch* ſtark mad, whoſe *Rummerkin*
A minute ne're ſtood ſtill: to him they drunk
Rheniſh enough whole *Dorps* for to have ſunck;
And then they would not leave their buſineſſe ſo
But they muſt feaſt him too before he go.
Ten dayes together did the *Canons* roar
Till that he parted from rough *Schiveling*-ſhore.
When whiſtling winds did give him paſſage ſweet,
Unto fair *Albion's* Iſle; where the proud *Fleet*
Ne're rang ſuch peals of *Ord nance*: For the Thunder
Pleas'd loyal *Kentiſh*, but was *French-men's* wonder.
The *Engliſh* leap'd to ſee their long'd-for Prince,
And vow'd that they were never happy ſince
His abſence from them: and all perſons ſtrove
Which ſhould out-do each other in their love.
The body of the *Gentry* did appear,
And *Citie* too, to own their *Soveraign dear.*
Their Souls and Veſt'ments glitter'd both that day
Joying him home the twenty nineth of *May.*
Freſh glories did the *Coronation* ſhew
The glorious *Prince* hath made his *Subjects* ſo.
The *Triumphs* of the *Antients* mean appear,
If we compare them with our *Splendor* here.

(*a*) The Covenant, which was the cauſe of our diſtempers, had its Origine from *Scotland.*

The bravery of *Metalls*, *Gemms*, and *Art*
Were proſtrate then, their *glories* to impart
Unto the *Nobles*, *Cavalry*, and thoſe
Who did their *Sacred Soveraign* encloſe.
The City *beautifi'd* their ſtreets, and built
Lofty, and *ſpeaking Arches richly gilt*,
As if the *Heavens* to the *Earth* did bow,
So things were *Pompous* and *Magnifique* now.
Amongſt the throngs (*Great Charls*) that preſs to ſee,
Pardon if I approach your *Majeſty*.
And Oh! that I could paſſion forth my Love,
That all the World might in a paſſion move
Of higheſt Joy.
Caſtalian moiſture, and the *Phœbean* fire
Now Juvenize my *Muſe*, my Soul inſpire,
That from the Centre of my raptur'd heart,
My ſwelling joyes may burſt, and ſo impart
Themſelves to thoſe, whoſe loyal ſpirits know
To value *Majeſty*, and what we owe
To ſuch high Fortune, that with full Career
Runs to all Quarters of our *Hemi-ſphære*.
And he that will not now let's heart run o're
With vaſt content, ſhall ne're be happy more,
By my conſent.
Prince of the World, whom Heavenly Powers deſign,
And Nature too doth with the Gods combine,
For to unravel all their ſtock of Art,
To ſhew what to the World they can impart,
In framing you to be, juſt as you are,
Beyond what we, poor Mortals, can compare.
But then again of ſo Divine a Race,
There is but one on Earth aſſumes the place;
Which makes your Subjects proud, that they poſſeſs
Your perſon, whoſe ſole value is no leſs
Than all the Orb beſide. *Great Sir* 'tis you
That makes us great, and makes us vertuous too.
O! you are good, too good to be abus'd,
Thus to be dealt with, and ſo baſely us'd
(*b*) By ſome, whoſe ugly, black, and Helliſh Souls
Are liſted in the firſt of *Pluto's* rowls.
Death in a thouſand ſhapes for puniſhment
Would not be equal to their vile intent:
Who to affront your *Soveraign Power* make bold;
Would unthrone *God Almighty* if they could.
But loyal Subjects by ſuch foils as theſe,
I hope, ſeem brighter to your *Kingly* eyes.
(*c*) Countenance thoſe, *brave Prince*, and thoſe alone;
So ſhall you have a ſure eſtabliſh'd Throne.
For if to *Heretick* in *Church* or *State*
You give an *Inch*, they'l take an *Ell*, and (*d*) prate
Their wild Opinions to the Multitude,
Who'l know no reaſon, but from hand that's rude.
Laugh we upon them, like the *Black-Moor*, they
Will cut our Throats; well Cudgel'd, they'l obey.

(*b*) The Schiſmaticks of all ſorts, that oppoſe the Church of *England*, or Monarchy, by their former, and continued plottings.

(*c*) For otherwiſe men of ill principles will wind in themſelves to the Court, and other Offices of the Nation by Money and ſuch ſhifts, and under the vizard of ſeeming Loyalty, endeavour to diſadvantage the Royal and National intereſt.

(*d*) Witneſſe, after the King's extreme mild Eccleſiaſtick Declaration, they had the impudence to print and ſay, the King ought to ſtand to the Covenant taken, though his Majeſty expreſsly commanded a forgetfulneſſe of it, as being a thing which ſome ill men had forced on him.

What would men have? No People's like us free,
We've best *Religion*, best *Propriety*.
All Nations court our *true-fram'd Church*, and boast
Of all *Reform'd* we are *Reformed* most.
But we have found the cheat; for now we're sure
(e) Their aim's to be most wicked and impure.
For never *Honest* man, and *Learned* both,
Did write 'gainst *English Laws* or *Subject's Oath*,
Or else 'gainst (f) *Bishops*, *Liturgy*, or *Rites*,
They are the *Nerves* which parts to th' whole unites.
They who will not at least those *props* maintain
Are all *Phanatiques* in the highest strain.
No Nation needs more plagues than this alone
That they a (g) *Linsy-woolsey-Church* must own.
'Tis *Union*, *Sir*, and *Uniformity*
Makes us all happy in your *Kingdoms* three.
Let *Country* plat their grounds, contrive their *Farms*;
And *City* mind their *Shops*, not Neighbour's harms.
Let *Pastors* teach their *Flocks* true *Faith and Love*,
And not *Sedition*, or *Superiours* move,
Or tell close Counsels, lies, or publick news
In *Parish-Church* the people to abuse.
This was their trade whereby (h) themselves they damn'd
And Souls as fast as that men's Souls were fram'd.
What *Laws*, or *King* and *Bishop* do appoint
They spit at Heaven who give a publique taint.
They who the *King's co-ercive* power deny
In *Church-Affairs* smell rank of *Popery*.
But now no more of this: Our *King* is wise,
Hath best experience and discerning eyes.
Leave but the State to him, we need not fear,
Let every Subject mind his proper sphear.
Drown'd with delights I am to think that we
Have such a *Monarch*, such a *Monarchy*.
Our (i) *Government* so fram'd, we have all's good
In any *Nation* of our *Neighbour-hood*.
The *King's Supreme*, whose (k) just *Prerogative*
Is so well built, as makes our Nation thrive:
He makes our Laws: both the Estates consent:
But the two *Houses* are no *Parliament*.
Yet in opposing any of the three
We banish Native *Right* and *Property*.
For though some were, who cut us out our *Commons*,
And would have had us fed as once the *Romans*:
Yet trying all designs at last we came
Most willingly to our *Monarchick* frame.
For all the rest, they were so basely vain
They did undo us in a *Saint-like* strain.
But *God* be praised, now our wishes are,
To be just (l) as we were before this War.
And had we (m) *Laud* and *Strafford* once again
Wee'd kisse their foot-steps, and adore their train.
Our *Church* is glorious, to whose purity
Apostles, *Fathers*, *Moderns* do agree.

(e) To take away property, and alter the Government in Church and State.

(f) They have the most antient Right to sit in Parliament, who with the Lords heretofore made up the King's great Council without the Commons.

(g) Half Episcop. and half Presbyt.

(h) They were the Incendiaries that set the Nation on fire, and then kept it blazing till they were at last even burnt in their own flames, and look'd upon by the then prevailing party as useless Creatures.

(i) We have the unity of a Monarchy, as also its nobleness and gallantry, the benefit of an Aristocracy, and more true liberty and propriety than any Commonwealth.

(k) They are but very weak and raw States-men, that think the just prerogative is opposite to the Subjects good; that being the chief thing, that keeps us from intestine broils, that's the peacefull Arbitratour.

(l) As we were for antient Lawes and Government, not as we were for heart-burnings and tumultuous uproars.

(m) These were extreme able Men for politick abilities, and really meant well for the publique.

Luther and *Calvin* did the World improve:
Yet had great Crimes, with which we bear in love.
The one did err in point of *Sacrament*;
The (*n*) other damn'd more than was *God's* intent.
But Oh, the *Church of England* far out-ſhines
All *Europe* elſe for learn'd and choice *Divines*.
She warn'd by others Crimes laid bleſt foundations,
Not mix'd with *Rome* or *Schiſme's* deformations.
(*o*) *Jewel*, and *Davenant*, *Morton*, *Uſher*, *Hall*,
Andrews, and *Prideaux* did her *Mother* call.
Brownrigge with *Featly* and great *Hammond* too,
And of that judgement we have (*p*) hundreds moe,
Giants in Divinity which have deſerts
Beyond compare of any forein parts.
These are the men I ſpeak of when I name
The *Church of England* of un-ſpotted fame.
I do not mean thoſe *Quacks* which equal all:
Skip up in *Cloaks* and tell the World a tale.
Preach *non-conformity*, and noiſome are
To all good *Chriſtians*; for they breed a War
Where e're they come. Oh! no, 'tis ſuch as theſe
Defile our Nation with their (*q*) frauds and lies.
A *Surplice* choaks them: for that guilty crew
That *Sacred badge* of innocence ne're knew.
Their works are dark and bloudy; for they wait
A time to garble both the *Church and State*.
Were *Argus* with us and his hundred eyes
He ne're would find their *Cabal-Myſteries*.
To ſpeak the truth, themſelves they do not know
What they would have, or why they teach men ſo.
But pride and gain 'tis makes them mad for action.
Oh! itchng ſweetneſſe for to head a faction.
To be well rid of theſe 'tis happneſſe
Beyond the power of Art for to expreſſe.
But that which brings us peace, and makes us bleſt,
Is *Charls* our *King*, who ſweetly Crowns the reſt.
His rigidſt Enemies no fault can find
With any of his actions; and whoſe mind
Well underſtands the malice of his foes:
And themſelves better than themſelves he knows.
Dread Sir, *Great Cæſar*, or the *Macedon*,
Had they but half your troubles undergone;
Or had the hardy *Man* of *Carthage* ſeen
Your tugging task; All theſe had ſurely been
Startled in Soul at ſuch a ſtrange affair,
And ſunk into their Graves for meer deſpair.
But you did *Envy's* cruell'ſt Darts withſtand;
And direſt ſhock of fate did *Counter-mand*.
As *Eagles* eyes pierce Sun and *Heaven's roof*:
So you out-dar'd misfortunes, and were proof
'Gainſt rude Alarms: for there ſtill did reſt
A *never-ſhaken courage* in your breaſt.
Thus you endur'd, till pleaſant gales and loyal
Wafted you over to your *Palace Royal*.

(*n*) Though he had many ſcandalous opinions in Diſcipline, and ſome points of Doctrine, yet he was for a publick Liturgy, from which no man of whatever Eminency might recede.

(*o*) Any of theſe men not only went beyond *Calvin*, or the beſt Modern Divines their *Antagoniſts*, but even in abilities and Orthodoxy equall'd, if not excell'd, many of the Ancient Fathers.

(*p*) We have now Biſhops and Doctors of the Church farre excelling any *Europe* hath again. So that I wonder at the impudence of ſome Perſons, that dare ſo affront God to his face, in preſuming ſo farre againſt his Angels of the Churches.

(*q*) When the Covenanters wrote to the forein Churches their deſigne, they ſhewed a general diſlike to it, eſpecially *Diodati*, who, as ſaith a French Author, wrote to them earneſtly to cleave to the King, and leave off defaming the Chriſtian Religion by their rebellious actings.

Monk was *God's Engine* to bring this about:
If merits could win *Heaven*, that would do't.
Great Prince, you're greater by unhappy fate,
And more (*r*) accompliſh'd made for *Church and State*.
That which the *Rebels* for your ruin deſign
Turns to a bleſſing by a power Divine.
For you have ſeen and ſuffer'd, done, and known,
And by experience made ſo much your own:
That if affairs call Nations to a view,
They cannot judge of things ſo well as you.
You ſpeak all *Languages*, you know all *Arts*,
And perſons *Eminent* for Soul or parts.
The *Princes Chief* of our next *Continent*
You know in perſon, and their hearts intent.
The *intrigues* of their *States*, *Sir*, you have found,
Which makes you able for to pick your ground.
And (*ſ*) thus improv'd you come unto your *Lands*
Bravely to ſtrengthen their enfeebled hands.
For in your abſence we were all undone:
VVolves in *Sheeps* Cloathing did our *Church* o're-run.
Propriety we loſt, nor had we *Laws*
Nor yet *Religion*; but *the Cauſe*, *the Cauſe*
Which ſtill was changed as new *factions* Roſe,
And *plagues on plagues* on us they did impoſe.
Till you came with your *ſweetning hand*, which brings
Balm and Perfumes to change the worſt of things.
Oh! how already you have made us ſee
Your *Wiſdom*, *Goodneſſe*, and your *Piety*.
For you no ſooner in your *Countrey* ſtood,
But founded *bulwarks* for their laſting good.
Which you by the *Oblivion* did declare,
And that we ſhould be perfect friends took care.
That great and *factious Army* out of hand
You by your ſacred Art did ſoon disband.
You gave free current to the *good old Laws*,
And reſcu'd us out of the *Lyon's jaws*.
But, *Sir*, your wiſdom never ſhin'd more clear
Than in the *Church*, whoſe *Father* you appear.
By ſtanding to th' *Apoſtles Inſtitution*
Againſt the wicked *Parity's Confuſion*.
By chooſing *Biſhops* truely good and Learn'd,
Whoſe piety by all is plain diſcern'd.
The very mean'ſt of thoſe *Seraphick Souls*
Their *Judgements* out-weigh all *Schiſmatick* ſcrowls,
And are of *value* and *Authority*
Above all *fancies* of the modern cry.
(*t*) *Geneva*, *France*, *and Holland-Reformations*
Compar'd to ours are poor and ſinfull faſhions.
But I'le not ſpeak more of their rough-drawn mould:
Becauſe (*u*) they'd change for ours if they could.
For we are pure in Doctrine, and are bleſt
By that ſweet order which *St. Paul* expreſs'd.
Thou ſacred *Order* art that thing Divine,
Rules *Heaven* it ſelf: All things by thee combine.

(*r*) He is one of the greateſt Perſons this day on Earth, take him as a King, as a Gentleman, as a pious prudent perſon and father of his Country, or a Coragious Perſon and get highly Clement.

(*f*) Judge ye, whether we have not cauſe to bleſſe God for ſuch a Prince. Conſider really his parts, and then ye wiſe men of the World, let your hearts melt in his preſence.

(*t*) Did the Enemies of the Church of *England* know, what fond and undigeſted Churches theſe are, they would bite their tongues rather than mention them.

(*u*) I have heard many of them my ſelf wiſh it during my abode beyond Sea. The Synod of *Dort* they expreſs'd alſo their deſires for a Diſcipline like *England*.

Thou

Thou art a riddle to the vulgar *Crew*,
Who cannot judge of things beyond their view.
But yet art *Sacred*, for the *Antients* they
Those ranck'd with Beasts that knew not *Harmony*.
A silent crime in *Doctrine* lesse offends
Our publicke peace and good, than that which tends
To break our union stamp'd with *Churche's* Seal;
That hurts but one; this last, the *Common-weal*.
The * learn'd of all the Nation, *Sir*, approve
Your *Chapel-method*, and your order love.
You are a second *Constantine* to stay
Our *Holy Church* from falling to decay.
And *Alfred-like* in state you love to see
Justice run hand in hand with *Libertie*.
That *Royal Starr* which at your birth did shine
We see did mark you out in Grand designe
For brave *Atchievements*. And your lookes appear,
That setling once your Nations void of fear
Your mind will carry you to *Regions* warm,
And *Conquer* all, who dare oppose your Arm:
Should *French* but *Swagger*, *Paris* were our own.
If *Spaniard* frown, his *Mexico* were gon.
How many Sprightly Ladds doe wait when you
Will call them out whole Nations to subdue?
Now you have conquer'd hearts, me-thinks I see
Empires do homage to your *Majestie*.
'Tis you we cleave to, *Sir*, and your desires
Bend to your *Subjects*, whence comes mutual fires
Of ardent Love; the *Prince* and people joyn
By *Ecclesiastick* and by *Civil* twine.
O! *God* of *Heaven* what shall we do
Our selves sufficient Subjects for to shew
To him, whose love unto us so extends
That for our good his *Life and Fortune* spends!
Who by his presence and his lovely charms
Stills our loud cryes, and takes us in his arms.
Heals them that will, and those that will not, he
Doth interpose himself, that they agree.
The *Nobles*, *Bishops*, *Gentry*, *Clergy*, all
Joyn Hands and Hearts and *Centre* in *White-Hall*.
We are quiet now, and if we will our selves
We may avoid all rough-hew'n *Rocks* and *Shelves*.
Then one and all cry *Charls*, for he alone
Hath wrought our blisse, gives ev'ry man his own,
In recompence for which, *Sir*, this wee'l do
Give you our *Hearts*, our *Lives*, and *purses* too.

* What an extreme madness is it for any one to build his faith on the bare opinion of some by inconsiderate pastor or person, who runs counter to the judgements of persons of that eminency and known Abilities as the Bishops and Clergy of the Church of *England* are?

FINIS.